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SIXPENCE.

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ROSES FOR HEROES: LONDON'S WELCOME TO SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

The arrival at Charing Cross Station of the ambulance train-loads of wounded from the battlefields across which the great Allied Offensive on the Western Front is sweeping, has been marked from the first by extraordinary manifestations of enthusiasm and sympathetic admiration. Crowds throng the exits from the station daily; and as those of the wounded men who are being taken to the hospitals in open conveyances pass by,

flowers are showered on them, both by the assembled spectators and, in particular, also by women flower-sellers who stand with their baskets regularly at the station-yard gates. These consistently refuse to sell all their stocks of flowers—keeping back some of the best lilies, roses, to throw themselves into the soldiers' carriages—a fine-spirited act of generosity, for the flowers represent the women's only means of livelihood.

WITH THE TRAWLER AND AUXILIARY FLEET:

MINE-FISHERS AT WORK.

(See Illustrations.)

THE mists of the North Sea hide many heroic deeds which posterity will place to the credit of those who work and fight and die to protect the coasts of Great Britain from the treacherous onslaughts of her enemies. From time to time the news of a daring exploit lifts a corner of the veil which shrouds the operations of the Grand Fleet. Names hitherto unknown suddenly achieve the glory of print, and Englishmen realise with a thrill of pride something of what they owe to the British Navy. But of those whose daily duty it is to render those brilliant feats as little dangerous as possible, whose part it is to guard the great ships which secure the freedom of the seas to the Allies, little or nothing is known. They pursue their perilous occupation in a silent anonymity which is never broken.

Among these auxiliaries to the Grand Fleet, improvised for the most part since the war began, none is more useful than the unimposing flotilla whose work it is to clear the approaches to the eastern ports of mines. Their search begins at the moment when "the grey fingers of the dawn are clutching at the fading stars." Two by two the trawlers creep out, and, as the double-page drawing elsewhere in this Number explains, range themselves in a double line of battle. When they reach the area to be swept, the two leading trawlers begin operations by lowering the kite to which the steel cable is attached, and which keeps it at the necessary level. As soon as the kite touches bottom, the trawlers separate to extend the cable, all its length of — yards. Once taut, the order for full steam ahead is given and the fishing begins.

The spherical surface of the mine, which measures about a couple of yards in diameter, is encrusted with detonators containing corrosive fluids, which are precipitated by the slightest contact into the interior of the mine and produce a formidable explosion. The whole is, by means of a complicated mechanism, suspended in the water, and attached to a weight which lies in the bed of the sea. When this attachment is severed, the liberated bomb should rise to the surface, and is then exploded by a firing party on board the trawler, as our artist has indicated.

It is not always the first pair of trawlers who succeed in hauling up the catch. The flotilla generally consists of two or three pairs of trawlers who follow each other at a certain distance, and begin their sweep where their leaders end theirs. Nor do the mines invariably fall into the net at the safest spot for the intrepid fishermen. In spite of the closest watch, in spite of long experience in the habits of the enemy, it is impossible to eliminate the chance that the boat instead of the cable may come in contact with the mine. When that disaster occurs, there is a trawler the less in the Auxiliary Fleet, and a crew of heroes added to the list of those who have cheerfully given their lives for King and country.

There are other fishers too, to-day, in the North Sea who are after bigger fish than mines. These do not drag their nets, but lay them in such a way that the German submarines who are occupied in the task of mine-laying now find their nefarious work more dangerous than it used to be. It is probable that only our enemies know how many "U" boats have slipped unwittingly into the spider-webs spun for them by the British Navy. Once within its meshes the activity of the submarine fly is ended for ever. A few frantic plunges, a few bubbles of oil on the surface of the waves, and all is over, except the risky and difficult job of raising the mine-layer without injury to its captors. But on this point silence in print and in speech is an obviously golden rule.

From a Frenchman's point of view the most amazing thing about the Auxiliary Fleet is not to be found in the character of its work, nor even in the devotion of those who execute it. Nothing of that is so extraordinary as the mere fact of its existence. So much has been written recently about the creation of Great Britain's new armies that the Allies are now all aware of the miracle of those millions raised and organised in the last two years. It is not, however, so generally understood that, in addition to her land forces, England has to a great extent improvised her defences upon the sea. For, if the Grand Fleet was ready and waiting when war began, the Auxiliary Fleet was merely in embryo previous to August 1914. In the space of two years this vast organisation of marine supplementaries has been mobilised and placed upon a war footing. These trawlers, yachts, pinnaces, and the innumerable small craft which in normal times navigate either for profit or for pleasure, now form part of the Royal Navy. Their owners, whether gentlemen of substance, merchant sailors, or simple fishermen, all wear to-day the uniform of national service, and are proud to bear their share in the duty of national defence.

And for those of us belonging to the Allied countries who have had the privilege of watching them at their arduous and deadly work, the Auxiliary Fleet constitutes one of the most admirable and efficient items in the stupendous sum of England's effort.

J. COUDURIER DE CHASSAIGNE.

A WAR-BOOK TO BE STUDIED.

DR. E. J. DILLON speaks with unrivalled authority on European politics. His book, "Ourselves and Germany" (Chapman and Hall), sums up the present situation in a strain of grave admonition. Here there is no blinking of facts; but a cool statement—with perhaps a shade of pessimism—of the profit-and-loss account between the Allies and Germany. Dr. Dillon, speaking from the first-hand experience of a lifetime spent in close touch with the Chancelleries of Europe, expounds the thoroughness of the German preparation in the countries now at war. So complete was the scheme and so cunning that one wonders why the Teutonic genius failed to see that its end was almost attained without war. War, in fact, is seen to be the supreme blunder. For "peaceful penetration" was already enslaving the victims. A commercial system of endless ramification was drawing all the power of finance into German hands. Banks were established in foreign countries to give long and easy credit to traders who favoured German goods. Those who would not favour Germany were entered on a black list, enmeshed in a net of debt, and suddenly landed in bankruptcy. These banks grew very strong on the deposits of the country in which they were established, and gradually the original German or Austrian capital was withdrawn, until the holdings of the would-be conquerors were reduced to insignificance. Hence the victims were unconsciously supplying the means for furthering German trade and ruining their own. Italy is a typical example, and her entanglement in the German financiers' web was one great reason for her long neutrality. The political hold on her, consequent on this manoeuvre, is not broken yet. Side by side with this went a system of commercial espionage and information, most perfectly organised for the benefit of German trade; and, to cover the device, Italians held nominal directorates, while the real controlling power never left the hands of German principals. Beautiful in its iniquity, the system required only a few more years of peace to achieve its end. But the sword-rattling mania would not be denied, and the clerk's pen has missed. In contrast with the German perfection of organisation, Dr. Dillon places our own improvidence. Nor does he acquit France of similar errors. He instances her blunders in railway control after the outbreak of war, and her appalling waste of rolling-stock, to give but one example from those he quotes. The moral is obvious, and Dr. Dillon points it with a strong and severe hand. Perhaps he does not seem over-hopeful of reformation, but he is not hopeless. His case is reinforced by Mr. Hughes in a preface, where he pleads again, as he has pleaded so often and so well, for "no compromise with the evil thing for which Germany fights." Mr. Hughes speaks as if he believed that we shall not compromise. Dr. Dillon scarcely ventures beyond hypothesis, touched with doubt. It lies with the nation to "mak' siccar." And there are signs, which have increased since Dr. Dillon's last page was written, that at last we are of the mind of Sir Roger Kilpatrick, when he made an end of the Red Comyn.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

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NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS. for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted.

AN ATLAS OF BRITISH BIRDS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the almost innumerable books on British birds, Mr. Thorburn's beautiful work, expensive though it be, was bound to find a ready market, for his pictures of bird life—"British Birds" by Archibald Thorburn (Longmans)—have won for him a host of admirers, and we can well imagine the impatience they must feel at the necessary interval between the appearance of the successive volumes till the whole number is complete. Strictly speaking, this book should have been called an "Atlas of British Birds," for the text is avowedly little more than explanatory of the plates. And it is just because these are, on the whole, so admirable that one wishes there were more of them. Mr. Thorburn would have been enabled to give us pictures not only of the birds in their "nuptial" plumage, but also in their winter, or "eclipse," plumages, and to these should have been added the immature plumages. The present volume (the third) well illustrates the possible scope of such an atlas, for it includes the ducks and their allies. Now, the ducks, at any rate, are, in the case of many species, by no means easy for the inexperienced to distinguish when in their "eclipse" dress, the drakes discarding their coats of many colours and assuming a dress very similar to that of the females, but answering, apparently, to an ancestral male dress. It would be impossible to identify a bird thus transformed from Mr. Thorburn's plates, where the figures of females only are given. A comparison, again, between the females of the capercailzie and the blackcock, as depicted in this volume, will fail to afford that precise information as to the points wherein these differ, for they are less alike than one would suppose from the plates as they stand. Many of the figures of the females of the ducks leave much to be desired in this respect; and in one or two cases even the males are inaccurate—as, for example, in the case of the Ruddy Sheldrake, which does not have a white head, and it has a black ring round the neck, which should surely have been shown. Among the pictures of birds in immature plumage the nestlings should take a prominent place. These, for the sake of comparison, might have had plates to themselves. The brilliantly coloured mouths of many of the young of the perching birds would have come as a surprise to many; and no less instructive would have been the comparisons between the down-covered young of the ducks and the game-birds. Even to-day there are many who do not realise how striking are the transformations between the young and adult stages of some of our commonest native birds. The starling and the robin afford cases in point. The latter, in its brown, spotted dress which constitutes its first feather plumage, is frequently mistaken for the adult female, the male alone being supposed to wear the red gorget. The house and tree sparrows, again, furnish striking and quite inexplicable illustrations of this kind. In the former the male differs conspicuously from the female. The young resemble her. In the tree-sparrow, male, female, and young all wear the same livery, which is as striking in contrasts as in the male house-sparrow. Should a future edition be called for, these additions might well be made. It seems ungracious to make adverse criticism on so fine a work, for there can be no doubt about the beauty of its contents, yet it cannot be doubted but that the suggestions now made would still further increase its value to us all, and especially to the non-expert, who must of necessity find it irksome to wade through the long descriptions of more technical works when desiring to identify some specimen which they fail to find in Mr. Thorburn's plates. His own intimate knowledge of our native birds, combined with his rare skill and infinite grace as an artist, would enable him to accomplish such a task with ease. As the work stands, it is a fine production; as we would have it, it would be even finer, since it would make it possible to turn to its pages for help with absolute confidence whenever birds were met with in puzzling or unfamiliar phases of plumage.

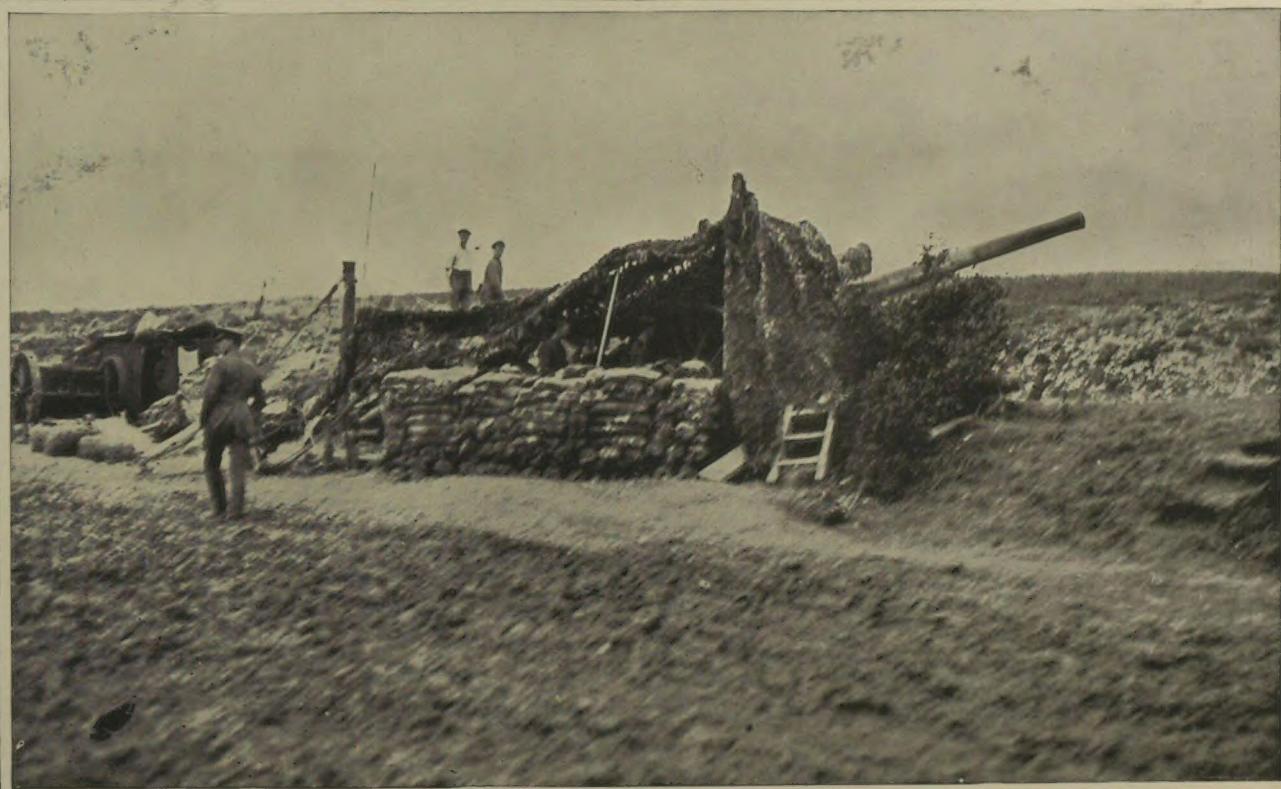
"BRASSEY" FOR 1916.

FOR the second year in succession Lord Brassey's standard work on modern fleets, "The Naval Annual" (William Clowes and Sons), appears in the special form of a War Edition, with changes in its ordinary characteristic features necessitated by the conditions of the hour. Mr. John Leyland edits it again this year, Lord Brassey having been unable, owing to absence in India, to take any part beyond contributing the introduction to the volume. The contents of this year's issue, as was the case with that of last year, have all direct relation to the war. The wholly admirable and informative survey of the operations of the Allied Navies during the preceding twelvemonth, begun in last year's volume by Commander Robinson, R.N., is resumed and continued by the same veteran expert. A chapter by the editor as a study of the strategy of the war and its conditions forms a complement to Commander Robinson's study, equally valuable and instructive. "Neutrals in the War," by Sir Frances Piggott, Chief Justice of Hong Kong and an acknowledged authority on the legal position of belligerents and neutrals in war, is a very timely new contribution. Another special feature of this year's issue to which attention should be called is the chapter on "Aircraft and the War," written by one whose name cannot be disclosed, but whose competence is unquestioned. It deals in an original form with air strategy, the operative methods of airships, and, in addition, generally, with seaplane work in war. The present active development of the United States Navy receives special consideration by itself. As in last year's volume, the British Ship Tables reappear in a form specially designed to afford no information to the enemy, while providing all information that the general public may be permitted with safety. As before also, a number of useful official documents and despatches issued since the appearance of last year's volume are included. At the end of the Annual, in addition to other illustrations, are given pictures of Lord Brassey's world-famous yacht *Sunbeam*, which has been generously presented to the Government and peoples of India to serve as a hospital-ship, with base at Bombay.

GIANTS IN HIDING: THE ART OF CONCEALING BIG GUNS.



A PUZZLE—TO FIND THE GUNS! A PHOTOGRAPH DESCRIBED AS "SOME OF OUR GIANT HOWITZERS IN HIDING, AND THEIR SHELLS."



A LONG-RANGE MONSTER PARTLY EMERGED FROM HIS HIDING-PLACE: A BRITISH BIG GUN IN ACTION DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF GERMAN TRENCHES.

In these days of aircraft scouting, it is more than ever important to conceal the position of gun-emplacements; and all sorts of ingenious devices, some of which are here illustrated, are adopted for this purpose. Both the above photographs were taken during the British advance, and show (or hide, as the case may be) two distinct types of our new heavy guns—the howitzer and the long-range piece. The power of the British artillery has been immensely increased since the beginning of the war. Mr. F. Kellaway, M.P., an official of the Ministry of Munitions, said the other day in a speech to his

constituents: "The story of what has been happening in France on the British front during the past fortnight shows how far we have travelled. . . . Last year Mr. Lloyd George startled the country by saying that 11 new arsenals had been provided. . . . To-day not 11, but 90 arsenals have either been built or adapted, and, with the exception of a very few of them, are now producing heavy guns, howitzers, big shells, or explosives. . . . The output of guns and howitzers has been increased by several hundreds per cent. . . . We are not yet at the full flood of our output."

THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE: OUR SPLENDID INFANTRY PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE ATTACKING GERMAN TRENCHES.



PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER FIRE. THROUGH THE SMOKE OF BURSTING SHELLS: A GREAT

This remarkable double photograph was made as our troops from the 5th Division, under command of General Gough, advanced over the smoke of bursting shells during the British offensive, when we advanced advancing steadily across the No Man's Land between the lines to attack the German in their trenches. It gives a vivid idea of the aspect and the progress of the extension of the front, and of the aspect of a modern battle. The British troops, as all who saw them agree, fought superbly, for in many places they had to face a terrible hail of bullets from German machine-guns and the "barage" shell-fire of the enemy's artillery. Mametz, a village between Fricourt and Montauban and some three miles east of Albert, was one of the first places captured by our men. A British official despatch on the night of July 1 (the first day of the advance) stated: "On the right of our attack we have captured the German labyrinth of trenches on

BATTLE IN PROGRESS—BRITISH TROOPS ASSAULTING GERMAN TRENCHES NEAR MAMETZ.

a front of seven miles to a depth of 1000 yards, and have stormed and occupied the strongly fortified villages of Mametz and Montauban, and are now in occupation of the latter. In the afternoon Mr. Philip Gibbs said, after mentioning that some regiments met with little opposition: "The Germans were demoralised. They were fighting furiously and dashed forward with great enthusiasm until they reached one end of the village of Mametz, and then quite suddenly they were faced by rapid machine-gun fire and a storm of bombs. The Germans held a trench called Dernig Avenue on the ridge where Mametz stands, and defended it with desperate courage. The Guards lunged themselves upon this position, and had some difficulty in clearing it of the enemy. At the end of the day Mametz remained in our hands." On July 15, it was officially stated, British troops stormed several lines of trenches in the Bois de Mametz, north of the village.

THE BRITISH IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS.



DURING THE TERRIFIC PRELIMINARY BOMBARDMENT: THE GERMAN TRENCHES BEING SUBJECTED TO A CEASELESS INFERNO OF BRITISH SHELL-FIRE.



WHEN THE GUNS HAD CEASED—THE WAY CLEAR: THE WHOLESALE SWEEPING AWAY OF THE BARBED-WIRE BARRIER IN FRONT OF THE GERMAN TRENCH-LINE.

The upper illustration shows all that was to be seen while the artillery bombardment was clearing the way for the infantry—a desert expanse with not a living being visible. In the immediate foreground is the barbed-wire barrier of our trenches. The whitish streaks across the middle distance and to the horizon are the German trenches. Everywhere greyish smoke is rising where the British shells incessantly burst over and in the

trenches, and here and there a darker smoke-column from big high-explosive shells. The lower illustration shows the barbed-wire entanglement, originally many yards wide and continuous in front of a German trench, torn up and swept away amid mounds of débris, only a few leaning stakes and ends of shattered wire being left in places trailing on the ground. Such was the havoc wrought by our guns.

BRITISH GUNS AND THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: DESTROYED GERMAN TRENCHES.



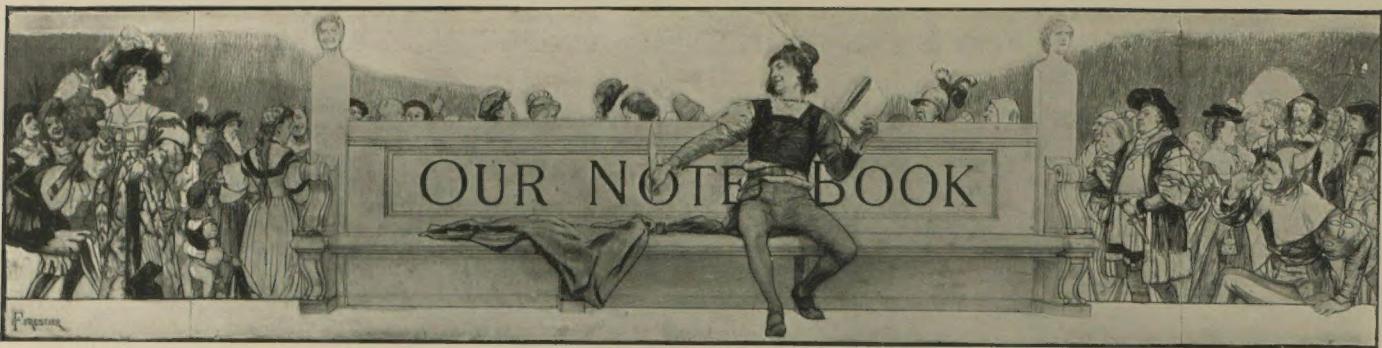
SHATTERED INTO HEAPS OF DÉBRIS AND MANGLED BEYOND RECOGNITION: THE RUIN LEFT BY OUR GUNS IN ONE SECTION OF A GERMAN TRENCH.



GAPING CLEFTS AND CAVITIES IN THE GROUND WHERE DUG-OUTS HAD BEEN: IN THE BATTERED GERMAN TRENCHES.

The fearful destruction wrought by the British artillery bombardment on the German first-line trenches, as the British infantry stormers saw parts of the enemy's line in charging over it, is evident in these two illustrations. As the upper one shows, it is almost impossible sometimes to mark the site of any trench at all. Only shapeless and crumbling mounds and heaps of soil and stones remain, with, protruding from the ground,

broken fragments and stumps of stakes and shattered strands and coils of barbed wire, completely burying and obliterating the excavated trench-line over long lengths. At places, as seen in the lower illustration, gaping clefts and cavities between the ridges show where dug-outs had existed, while all around the surface has more the appearance of vast, abandoned gravel-pit workings.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THROUGHOUT the final and, as we may reasonably trust, triumphant phases of the war, it is as essential as ever that we should keep our heads and allow those eminent in the military science to keep theirs. It would be an ideal definition of a liberal education that every citizen ought to know enough about science to leave it alone. Such a degree of enlightenment is not small, and is the very reverse of common. A subject always seems absolutely simple while we literally know nothing about it. Those who feared a general decay among their countrymen used to point, and not quite without reason, at the idle crowds which assembled on football grounds—men who stared at a game which they did not play. But even they were men who could have played the game—or at least men who knew how the game was played. Now, if we wish to judge a great mass of journalistic and general comment on the present war, we should have to imagine the same crowds watching the same football match, but most of them imagining it was a competition as to who could kick the football highest in the air. Or we must imagine them as thinking that the football itself was the prize, and the scrimmage was a personal quarrel between competitors dissatisfied with the decision of the umpire. These impressions would not be wilder or more remote from the aims of football than the graphic passages in some papers were wildly remote from the aims of war. It is not stupider to ignore the difference between a scrimmage and a quarrel than it is to ignore the difference between a retreat and a rout. And that form of ignorance was a perennial fountain of inspiration for our pessimist journalists during the great retreat of the Russians. It is not more ignorant to suppose that a footballer scores merely by sending a ball high in the air than it is to suppose that a General scores merely by pushing his line further forward in the landscape. And that notion produced a long nightmare of impatience during the time when General Joffre and the responsible leaders thought it wisest to defer an attack. A man wholly uninstructed might look for a long time at a game of chess, and imagine that the players' purpose was to take as many pieces as possible. He might even look for a long time at a game of billiards (if the players were of the silent and not the exclamatory sort), and imagine it was a great score to put one's opponent's ball in a pocket. From a variety of causes in our insular state and tradition, numberless Englishmen who were instructed in many things were quite uninstructed in war; and it took them much longer to discover such elementary things as that a retirement can be a success and an advance a disaster.

Unfortunately, there is produced by this extreme of ignorance an illusion of simplicity. There is an idea that all we want is dash or decision to do something or other—an idea which any man would be thought drunk or mad if he applied to any skilled trade, or even to any sportsmanlike amusement. I regret to see, for instance, that the Rev. R. J. Campbell has been saying that if Sir Francis Drake had been alive we should have forced the Dardanelles. Knowing just enough of the subject to know that I know nothing, I

am not prepared to say what the genius of that great seaman would or would not have done with a wholly new problem of heavy artillery and a siege position. But I will venture an opinion about what he would not have done. He would not, in forming his conclusion, have taken any notice of the views of any popular preacher in Queen Elizabeth's dominions.

And yet it would be almost as reasonable to give merely military responsibility to a popular preacher as to a popular politician. It would be more correct, perhaps, to say a fashionable politician than a popular politician, for I gravely doubt whether any politician is now popular—at any rate in that capacity. In any case, there has been far too much of the doctrine of dash, and the claim of personal initiative, about that part of our politics which impinges upon the campaign. Probably an unsuccessful politician would be much better for war work than a successful one. If such a post is given to a successful one, he had

extremely realistic. The Black Prince at the Battle of Crecy would really be wiser to trust his trusty sword than to trust entirely in the new culverins which were then the early experiments with gunpowder. It is no answer to say that they were the weapons of the future; and it is a complete answer to say that for that very reason he could not be expected to regard them as weapons of the present. He would have been as clumsy a soldier, in that state of the science, to have relied on a steel cannon as on a stone club. This very elementary truth will suffice to blow away a great deal of the sensationalism which has been uttered about aviation—or rather, about the neglect of aviation. For some people it seemed to be enough to say that aeronautics is a new science to prove that it is the science of the future; enough to say that it is the science of the future to prove that it is the only science of the future; and enough to say that to prove that it ought also to be the only science of the present. Men in the ordinary sense sane talked quite seriously about its superseding every other arm—about the possibility of neglecting an army or a navy if we concentrated sufficiently on a fleet of flying-ships. It was virtually suggested that the British Army should take to itself wings and fly over the heads of the German Army, in order to alight in hostile territory without artillery or means of communication, or anything less portable than the light luggage of an aeroplane. It is unnecessary to say that every step in this process of thought is an absurdity. To begin with, as I have said, it is by no means certain that, even if a machine or method is absolutely destined to be a great strength to-morrow, it is necessarily anything but a weakness to-day. The distinction is an inevitable part of that very interconnection and mutual dependence which is the soul of machinism.

It may be true that half a loaf is better than no bread; but it is by no means true that half a motor-car is better than a whole horse. And even the swiftness of a new machine may be reversed by the slowness of a new mechanic. It may often be better to use old tools with a fresh skill than to use new tools with all the old hesitancy and mystification. Then, again, it is a fallacy, exposed by all experience and analogy, to suppose that because a thing is growing at the expense of certain things, it will eventually grow at the expense of everything. Steam, petrol, and every other method grows until it fills a certain gap; but it does not extinguish every other mode of motion, and it never will. But the chief fallacy of all, from a practical point of view, is the very notion of having a pet weapon or a favourite service. It is the fallacy of merely setting the new against the old, instead of allowing the authorised and competent intelligence to choose in any given case between the new and the old. In such a case a specialist may be more at sea than an amateur. Parliament has already seen the episode, not wholly satisfactory, of the Flying Member. I hope the method will be abandoned before we see the elected representatives of howitzers and the chosen delegate of hand-grenades debating against the honourable member for torpedos and the honourable member for pontoons.

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HONOUR TO THE HERO OF FORT VAUX: MME. RAYNAL HANDED THE INSIGNIA OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR FOR HER HUSBAND. As a mark of the intense admiration which all France feels for the heroic defender of Fort Vaux, at Verdun, the distinction of Commander of the Legion of Honour has been conferred on Major Raynal. Further, the German Crown Prince is said to have refused to take Major Raynal's sword from him on the final surrender. The Major is now a prisoner in Germany. As a special mark of honour, Major Raynal's "cravate" as a Commander of the Legion of Honour has just been publicly presented to Mme. Raynal on her husband's behalf, at the Invalides. [Photograph by Rol.]

much better behave as if he were quite unsuccessful; and, indeed, as if he were quite unknown. The original decisions ought to come from the Generals. And the great majority of these decisions will not be very original—not if they are good Generals. War is not, as a rule, a suitable occasion for that detachment of one train of thought from another, that development of it without entanglement by any other, to which, when it appears in the arts or in individual costume and conduct, we give the name of originality. Invention generally means a certain absence of mind in the pursuit of a new idea. And generalship means perpetual presence of mind in the application of old ideas. Even the phrase that scientific method is needed for modern war is as much a falsehood as a truth. The scientific method involves reaching a success by experimenting in an infinite number of failures. We should hardly trust ourselves wholly to a General who proposed to reach victory by experimenting in an infinite number of defeats. Science consists in discovering how not to do it, as a first step in a process of very gradual elimination. When a commander in the field discovers how not to do it, it will very probably be the last step as well as the first. He must be old-fashioned in order to be efficient. The phrases in the old romances about the warrior's "trusty sword" or war-tried armour were in truth, like many other things now thought highly romantic,

IN A BRITISH SUBMARINE: A SPECIAL DRAWING.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE AUTHORITIES.



"THE CUSTOM OF 'THE TRADE': AN OFFICER OF A SUBMERGED BRITISH SUBMARINE SCANNING THE SURFACE OF THE SEA THROUGH A PERISCOPE.

The British submarine service, as we know from Rudyard Kipling's recent series of articles, prefaced by a poem in his own inimitable manner, is familiarly known in naval circles as "The Trade," though how it came by that sobriquet is apparently a mystery. Mr. Kipling's brilliant description, which no one ought to miss reading, has drawn attention once more to the wonderful exploits of our submarine crews in a form of warfare which is without precedent, waged amid the extremes of

peril and a romance of reality which eclipses the imaginary marvels of Jules Verne. Our drawing gives an authentic view of the interior of a British submarine (lit by electric light) when submerged to a sufficient depth to allow of the top of her periscope (or periscopes, if she has more than one) emerging above the surface. It shows, too how a periscope is used for observation.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

MINE-SWEEPERS "FISHING" FOR GERMAN MINES: A

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION



GATHERING A PERILOUS HARVEST OF THE SEA: BRITISH MINE-SWEEPERS AT THEIR TO THE SURFACE BY THE

There is much honour but little glory attached to the heroic work of the mine-sweepers, whose crews go out day by day, taking their lives in their hands, to sweep the seas clear of the mines which the enemy's submarines and other vessels are continually sowing promiscuously in the fairway of shipping. The trawlers work in couples, with a steel cable attached between them for cutting through the moorings of a mine and thus causing it to rise to the surface and float there. Gun or rifle-fire (sometimes both) is then directed upon it, with the result that it is either exploded or sunk. To make it explode it is necessary to hit the little horns or triggers which project from the mine to act as detonators when it comes in contact with a ship. This can be done by a leaden bullet from a rifle, but as the target is so small (to hit one of the horns is largely a matter of chance) the operation takes

SPECIAL DRAWING OF OUR AUXILIARY FLEET'S WORK.

OF THE AUTHORITIES. (SEE ARTICLE ELSEWHERE.)



COURAGEOUS WORK—EXPLODING BY GUN AND RIFLE-FIRE GERMAN MINES BROUGHT CABLES BETWEEN TRAWLERS.

some time. It is easier to use steel bullets, which can puncture the air-chamber of the mine and cause it to sink. In the drawing, it will be seen, rifles are being used from the ship in the foreground on the left, and a gun on board the trawler on the right, to whose stern one end of a steel cable can be seen attached. In the distance a pair of trawlers can be seen approaching. The risk of mine-sweeping consists, of course, in the fact that the ships themselves may strike a mine capable of destroying them and all on board. Thanks to the quiet heroism of the thousands of men who are constantly braving this peril (they speak of their deadly task as "fishing"), our Fleet, and merchant vessels (both British and neutral) are enabled to traverse the seas with a considerable amount of security.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE AUXILIARY FLEET AT PATROL-WORK: A SPECIAL DRAWING.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE AUTHORITIES.



A UNIT OF A VAST NEW FLEET WHICH CAME INTO BEING WITH THE WAR: A BRITISH PATROL-BOAT
ABOUT TO QUESTION A SHIP.

Just as a great British Army has been created during the war, so a vast new Fleet has come into being in the form of hundreds of auxiliary ships engaged in patrolling, mine-sweeping, submarine-chasing, and generally keeping open the gangways of ocean commerce. "The sea-borne traffic," writes Mr. Kipling, in his "Fringes of the Fleet," "must continue, and that is being looked after by the lineal descendants of the crews of the long extinct cutters and sloops, and gun-brigs. The hour struck and they reappeared, to the tune of fifty thousand odd men in more than two thousand ships, of which I have seen a few hundred. Words of command may have changed

a little, the tools are certainly more complex, but the spirit of the new crews who come to the old job is utterly unchanged. It is the same fierce, hard-living, heavy-handed, very cunning service out of which the Navy as we know it to-day was born. It is called indifferently the Trawler and Auxiliary Fleet. . . . When traffic comes up Channel it must be examined for contraband and other things; and the examining tugs lie out in a blaze of light to remind ships of this. Months ago, when the war was young, the tugs did not know what to look for specially. Now they do." Our drawing shows a British patrol-boat preparing to question a suspicious vessel.

THE VICTORY OF JUTLAND BANK: BRITISH BATTLE-CRUISERS PHOTOGRAPHED IN ACTION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE BATTLE.



SHOWING WHAT THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE LOOKED LIKE, AND THE ENORMOUS HEIGHT OF THE SHELL-SPASHES: PART OF THE BRITISH FLEET ENGAGING THE GERMAN HIGH SEAS FLEET ON MAY 31.

This intensely interesting photograph, with the two others given on a double-page in this issue, was, as there mentioned, taken on board one of the British ships during the heat of the great Battle of Jutland Bank. "My photographs," our correspondent writes, "show Admiral Beatty's squadron in action on May 31, 1916. Enemy shots can be seen falling round our ships, and these give a very good idea as to the real height to which the splashes rise. [Two of the ships] can be seen in action firing at the enemy, who are away to the right of the picture, but not shown, and on the far side of our ships shown here. These pictures give an excellent impression of the distance, proportion, etc. of ships in a naval action." In his report of the battle which accompanied Admiral Jellicoe's despatch, Vice-Admiral Beatty thus describes the opening attack of his battle-cruisers on

the German Fleet: "At 3.48 p.m. the action commenced at a range of 18,500 yards, both forces opening fire practically simultaneously. Course was altered to the southward, and subsequently the mean direction was S.S.E., the enemy steering a parallel course distant about 18,000 to 14,500 yards. At 4.8 p.m. the Fifth Battle Squadron came into action and opened fire at a range of 20,000 yards. The enemy's fire now seemed to slacken. . . . From 4.15' to 4.43 p.m. the conflict between the opposing battle-cruisers was of a very fierce and resolute character. The Fifth Battle Squadron was engaging the enemy's rear ships, unfortunately at very long range. Our fire began to tell, the accuracy and rapidity of that of the enemy depreciating considerably. At 4.18 p.m. the third enemy ship was seen to be on fire."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GREATEST SEA-FIGHT IN HISTORY:

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN



SIR DAVID BEATTY says in his report which accompanied Sir John Jellicoe's despatch: "At 3.30 p.m. I increased speed to 20 knots, and formed line of battle, the Second Battle-Cruiser Squadron forming the rear of the Battle Cruiser Squadron, with destroyers of the 13th and 9th Flotillas on either side. . . . I turned to E.S.E., slightly converging on the enemy, who were now within a range of 12,000 yards, and formed the ships in a line of bearing to clear the smoke. . . . Being between the enemy and his base, this action was both tactically and strategically good. At 4.48 p.m. the two fleets were at a range of 15,000 yards, both forces opening fire practically simultaneously. . . . A review of all the reports which I have received leads me to conclude that the enemy's losses were considerably heavier than which we had sustained. . . . This is eloquent testimony to the high quality of gunnery and torpedo efficiency of His Majesty's ships. Their remarkable tenacity, undaunted throughout and in many cases despite heavy damage to material and personnel. . . . The behaviour of the ships and companies under the terrible conditions of a modern sea battle was magnificent without exception."

BRITISH BATTLE-CRUISERS IN THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND BANK.

DURING THE BATTLE.

SIR JOHN JELLINEC says in his despatch: "The conduct of officers and men throughout the whole of the actions was entirely beyond praise. No words of mine could do them justice. On the other hand, it is reported to me that the glorious traditions of the past were most worthily upheld—whether in the battleships, light cruisers, or destroyers—the same admirable spirit prevailed. The men were cool and determined, with a cheeriness that would have carried them through anything. The honour of the Fleet intended was the admiration of all. I cannot adequately express the pride and satisfaction of all the Fleet that filled me. Details of the work of the various ships during the battle have not been given. It must never be forgotten, however, that the prelude to action is the work of the engineers and gunnery, and that during action the officers and men of that department performed their important duties without the incentive which a knowledge of the country and the position gives to those on deck. The spirit of discipline and endurance are taxed to the uttermost under these conditions, and they were always, most fully maintained throughout the operations under review. Several ships attained speeds never . . . before reached."



UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GREAT FLEET ACTION OFF JUTLAND ON MAY 31:

In view of the recent publication of Admiral Jellicoe's despatch, and the remarkable interest of the photographs given above and a companion one on another page, it is needless to offer any apology for the lateness of their appearance. They have, indeed, only just reached us. Their value is, of course, that they were taken, from the deck of a British warship, actually during the fiercest stress of the great battle, when Admiral Beatty's Battle-Cruiser Squadron was gallantly engaging the whole strength of the German High Seas Fleet.

ADMIRAL BEATTY'S BATTLE-CRUISERS ENGAGING THE GERMAN HIGH SEAS FLEET.

Some of the ships are seen firing at the enemy, who are beyond them to the right and not visible in the photographs. German shells dropping round our ships are throwing up huge columns of water, whose enormous height is shown very clearly. These illustrations will enable our readers to realise, on the unimpeachable authority of the camera, the general appearance of a great fleet action under modern conditions of naval warfare.

THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: ADVANCING OVER THE GERMAN TRENCHES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "PUSH."

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



WITH THE FIRST "WAVE": ATTACKING THE GERMAN SECOND LINE AFTER HAVING SWEPT OVER THE FIRST-LINE TRENCH: AND CONSOLIDATING THE CAPTURED POSITION.

The foremost assailants in the British attack are seen charging home on the German second line of trenches, immediately after victoriously storming the enemy's first line. Our battalions surged forward from the first line to the second with the irresistible vehemence of a tidal wave. The attack on the second-line trenches (seen towards the background) was met by a terrific machine-gun fire from all sides as our men pressed in through the remnants of barbed-wire entanglement that here and there had escaped destruction by the preliminary bombardment. In the foreground is seen in detail the battered German first-line trench, with plank platforms thrown across it in places. Working parties of our men are hard at it with pick and shovel, converting it so as to front the other way, digging out parts that had fallen in and building a new crest-line facing

the enemy. In that manner, step by step, our gains of ground are everywhere being consolidated against counter-attacks. To the right is the zig-zag German communication-trench leading from the first to the second line of trenches. At its nearer end more men with entrenching-tools are at work. Further along, others of ours are seen charging forward with bombs and bayonets against counter-attacking parties of the enemy, to support the assailants of the second German trench-line and help in dealing with the enemy machine-gun parties. At places in both the German first and second trench-lines enemy machine-gunned suddenly appeared. They had survived the British bombardment and remained hidden in deep dug-outs, whence they emerged with their weapons and opened a ferocious fusillade. [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: PHOTOGRAPHS OF OUR INFANTRY.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU; SUPPLIED BY L.N.A.



WHERE SOME OF THE HEAVIEST FIGHTING TOOK PLACE: BRITISH INFANTRY ADVANCING TO THE ASSAULT OF LA BOISSELLE.



ADVANCING UNDER FIRE AS STEADILY AS ON PARADE: BRITISH TROOPS PHOTOGRAPHED JUST AFTER LEAVING THEIR TRENCHES TO ATTACK LA BOISSELLE ON JULY 1.

The great offensive begun in the West has put to the proof the endurance and efficiency of our New Armies, and all accounts agree that they have stood the test wonderfully, and fought with the utmost heroism. These remarkably interesting photographs, published by official authority, were taken on the field during the British advance which began on July 1. At La Boisselle, the scene of the lower one, our troops encountered stubborn resistance, and for the first day or two the fortunes of the fight at

this point were fluctuating. On July 4 a British official despatch stated: "During the night heavy fighting took place in the vicinity of La Boisselle. Our troops fought with great gallantry against heavy attacks by the enemy. The enemy recaptured a small portion of the defence south of the village." During the day, however, the situation improved. That night General Headquarters reported: "In La Boisselle fierce fighting and bombing encounters have taken place . . . and our troops are in complete possession."

THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: THIRTY FEET BELOW GROUND.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKORP FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



OUR MEN IN A GERMAN DUG-OUT: THE ENEMY SURRENDER AND OFFER COFFEE TO THE VICTORS.

This is an episode of the titanic battle now in progress across the British front. Owing to their great depth, a number of the enemy underground shelters escaped destruction by the tornado of heavy British shells which overwhelmed the German front line before our infantry storming battalions moved out. In some of them enemy machine-gun parties remained unharmed, to come up and assail our men with a *feu d'enfer* of bullets as the charging British swept forward. What took place inside another German dug-out is seen

here. The dug-out was thirty feet below the surface, and was fitted along one side with narrow wire-mattress beds. Our men, on entering with bayonets ready for an expected fight, were met by a crowd of Germans all holding up their hands, as seen in the illustration. Some of the enemy were having coffee at the moment, and offers of cups were made to our men, a German Red Cross attendant being among the foremost to make such overtures.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"KAMERAD!" GERMANS SURRENDERING TO THE BRITISH ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE GREAT ADVANCE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



"RATHER LATE TO ASK FOR MERCY, BUT IT WAS GIVEN TO THEM": A PARTY OF GERMAN SOLDIERS, EMERGED FROM THEIR TRENCHES, HOLDING UP THEIR HANDS IN SIGN OF SURRENDER TO THE ADVANCING BRITISH TROOPS.

The tale of prisoners taken in the Anglo-French offensive has increased considerably since the first despatches, and the total runs into a good many thousands. Our illustration shows a typical instance of a wholesale surrender by a party of 30 to 40 Germans. On the right in the foreground is a wounded British soldier in a shell-hole. On the left, in the background, German shells are seen bursting. The British troops are wearing their shrapnel-proof helmets. A scene which, in its essentials, must have been similar to the above is described by Mr. Philip Gibbs from the recollections of men who took part in the fighting. "Of the first advance over No Man's Land," he writes, "some of these men could remember nothing. . . . When most of our men were within ten yards many of the Germans who had been flinging bombs lifted up their hands and cried 'Mercy!' to those whom they had tried to blow to bits. It was rather late

to ask for mercy, but it was given to them. There was a search into the dug-outs—do you understand that all this was under great shell-fire?—and many Germans were found in hiding there. 'I surrender,' said a German officer, putting his head out of a hole in the earth, 'and I have a wounded man with me.' 'All right,' said a Yorkshire sergeant; 'fetch him up, and no monkey tricks.' But out of the hole came not one man, but forty, in a long file that seemed never to end, all of whom said 'Kamerad!' to the sergeant, who answered, 'Good day to you! and now—no more!' They were a nuisance to him then. He wanted to get on, and this was waste of time. But he sent back 42 prisoners with three lightly wounded fellows of his company—he could not spare more—and then advanced with his men beyond the German third line."—(*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*)

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY

SCIENCE
JOTTINGS.

BIG GAME AND THE WAR.

THE machinery of destruction which Germany set in motion in 1914 will leave its ugly scars not alone in mutilated men, women, and children, in ruined homes, ruined churches, and works of art. For years to come, and perhaps for ever, the insane desire to impose that nauseous and soul-killing standard of life embodied in the word "Kultur" on humanity at large will stamp its mark even on the face of Nature herself—it will be traceable even in the wilds of Africa. This great continent is still the home of some of the world's most interesting animals—interesting not merely because of their grace and beauty of form and coloration, but also because of the relation they bear to the keys of knowledge in regard to the problems of life both past and present. As might be supposed, the "big-game" animals will suffer most. This is inevitable, for when large bodies of troops are encamped and constantly moving about in areas which before the war were solitudes rarely invaded; when these large bodies of men must at certain times rely on such game for food; and when, at irregular intervals, heavy rifle and Maxim fire takes place—the local fauna becomes entirely disrupted, and either forsakes such fastnesses or is destroyed. Further depletion is necessitated by the destruction of unintelligent animals like rhinoceroses, which charge troops on patrol, or like lions, which are unneighbourly neighbours.

A report just issued by Mr. C. W. Woodhouse shows, for example, that these destructive factors have made themselves felt, somewhat severely, along the Anglo-German boundary line of British East Africa. The elephants in this region will certainly suffer. At the start of the long rains their migration commences from the Kilimanjaro forests, in German East Africa, to the plains and thorn-scrub lying between the boundary line and the River Tiva to the north. It would seem, however, that few of the elephants have been shot, but the presence of troops has seriously disturbed them.

It is otherwise with the rhinoceros; for large numbers of these animals have been killed by the Germans, who have organised regular shooting parties from Taveta and Salaita, for the double purpose of providing meat for their native troops and for sport. As a consequence, the large number of rhinoceroses which used to exist in the Upper Rumbo, Ziwayi Swamp, the bush fringing the Taveta forest, Lake Jipe, the Mokinni Hills, and the Kitovo Forest have been wiped out. A considerable number, it would seem, have been killed by our own side, and many more have escaped wounded. But these, apparently, have met their deaths while charging moving bodies

of troops and patrols. Thus, from this cause, the large numbers of rhinoceroses which used to live in the bush north and south of the Tsavo River have been materially reduced. It is to be hoped that a considerable migration down the Athi River has taken place, where, for the time, they will find shelter. Others may have found an asylum in the Serengetti Plains.

A considerable number of giraffes have been shot for food, but the herds thus raided will probably recuperate on the cessation of hostilities. The same

migrated to a safe distance.

The breeding-grounds of the hippopotamus, on the Mzima River, have unfortunately been invaded, and many of these animals have been killed. Happily, there is a way of escape by the Athi River, which will later restore the losses now sustained.

Against lions, as might be supposed, the hand of every man is turned. A friend of mine, just invalided home from British East Africa, where he has been through some severe fighting, tells me that they are now hunted down in motor-cars, in place of horses! Three recently fell to one gun in one day chased after this novel fashion. Though ready to admit that lions, in any number, are not pleasant neighbours, yet one cannot suppress a desire that the day may be far distant before the African shares the fate of the Indian lion. And I feel sure that all good sportsmen will share this sentiment. I cannot suppress a feeling of keen regret at the knowledge that the animals thus slain are perforce left to rot where they lie, since skeletons of lions are badly needed at the British Museum. It may seem strange, but it is a fact that we have no skeleton of a wild lion in the national collection, and it will be long, I fear, before I shall be able to fill up this gap. We ought to have at least a dozen, taken from various distant areas of Africa.

The animals which suffer least during this strenuous time are such as live in thick cover, like the little Dik-dik antelope and the wart-hog. But since, in the neighbourhood of Tsavo, such cover extends over an enormous area, it is highly probable that large numbers of animals of all kinds will find safe harbourage there.

Having regard to the enormous area of British East Africa and of German East Africa, which henceforth must remain under the British flag, the inroads on the big game just described are not, perhaps, serious; but nevertheless we must view with a jealous eye all unnecessary slaughter, for these animals may prove a more valuable asset than we suspect. The African elephant, for example, may prove as valuable in the service of man as its cousin in India. At any rate, this much seems to be fore shadowed by the fact that, in

the Congo, trained elephants are used for ploughing and other work; while some of the larger antelopes, properly conserved, may prove valuable sources of food—the eland, for example. But, apart from purely utilitarian considerations, there are many reasons why it is incumbent on us to make sure that extermination shall nowhere take place, even in the case of lions.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE SCIENCE OF SUBTERRANEAN WARFARE:
FRENCH ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING A MINE-GALLERY.
From a Drawing by Georges Léroux.

seems to be true of the eland, which, however, seem to have suffered even more from the ravages of the wild dog, which exacts a no less heavy toll on other game. That extraordinary antelope, the Gerenuk, which in the length of its neck seems to be emulating the giraffe, seems to have been banished from its haunts along the Tsavo River, and the same is true of the beautiful Impala. Possibly they have only

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, KATE PAGNELL, MAUL AND FOX, BEE BRYSON, BASSANO, RUSSELL, AND LANGFORD.

			
<p>MAJ. VIS. VISCOUNT CRICTHON, M.V.O., D.S.O., Eldest son of fourth Earl of Erne. Married Lady Mary Grosvenor. His son, the Hon. John Crichton, is now fifth Earl.</p>	<p>CAPT. F. S. GILLESPIE, R. Sussex Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, of Hollow Coombe, Sydenham.</p>	<p>CAPT. C. L. PENNEFATHER, Rifle Brigade. Son of Major W. V. Pennefather, Welsh Regiment. Killed in action.</p>	<p>CAPTAIN H. R. H. O'BRIEN, R.F.A. Son of Lieut.-Col. J. O'Brien, Indian Medical Service (retired) and Mrs. O'Brien, of Newstead, Instow. Killed in action.</p>
			
<p>2ND LIEUT. R. S. R. PORTER, 130th (King George's Own) Baluchi, Indian Army. Officially reported killed in action.</p>	<p>2ND LIEUT. S. G. RIDLEY, Royal Flying Corps. Has been officially reported killed in Egypt.</p>	<p>2ND LIEUT. H. S. WOOLER, W. Yorkshire Regt. Mentioned in despatches in June. Killed in action.</p>	<p>2ND LT. EDWARD HOARE, Grenadier Guards. Killed in action. Aged 33. Resided at Cavendish Lodge, Purley</p>
			
<p>CAPTAIN H. E. MARTIN, Middlesex Regiment. Obtained commission September 1914; promoted Temporary Captain, December 1915. Died of wounds.</p>	<p>LIEUT. IAN ROBERTSON, Cameron Highlanders. Son of Mr. J. S. Robertson, Glasgow. Killed in action.</p>	<p>CAPTAIN LORD ELCHO, Gloucester Yeomanry. Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss. Married Lady Violet Manners.</p>	<p>LIEUT. WILLIAM M. BENNETT, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Son of Major Bennett, Struan Lodge, Dunoon, Argyll.</p>
			
<p>CAPTAIN E. L. BERKINSHAW, Canadian Mounted Rifles. Was promoted Captain in October 1915. Officially reported killed in action.</p>	<p>LIEUT. A. A. WANKLYN, P.P.C.L.L. Son of Mr. Frederic Lumb Wanklyn, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal.</p>	<p>LIEUT. RICHARD WILLIS, Loyal N. Lancashire Regt. M.A., Orton. Son of the late Mr. James Willis, I.S.O.</p>	<p>LIEUT. G. K. ROSS, Canadian Infantry, Canadian Expeditionary Force. Has been officially reported to have been killed in action.</p>
			
<p>LIEUT. R. C. CORDINGLEY, Canadian Brigade; Machine-Gun Company. Killed in action.</p>	<p>LIEUT. C. A. MACRAE, Army Service Corps. Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Macrae, Meon Stoke House, Hants.</p>	<p>LIEUT. J. H. LOWDEN, South African Infantry. Son of Mr. T. W. Lowden, Krugersdorp.</p>	<p>CAPTAIN W. H. V. VAN DER SMISSEN, Canadian Infantry. Was a subaltern in First Contingent; Captain, September 1915; Staff Captain, January 1916. Killed in action.</p>

NEW NOVELS.

"The Human Boy and the War." The original human boy of Mr. Eden Phillpotts would be almost beyond military age by this time, or at least in active service as one of the elderly second lieutenants who are to be numbered among the strange phenomena of these strange times. Author's license, however, permits a reconstruction in "The Human Boy and the War" (Methuen), which observes, as shrewdly as ever, the idiosyncrasies of the British schoolboy. It is recorded of a small Dartmouth cadet that, when the trouble was imminent, a visiting parent tried gently to break to him that he might be sent to sea—perhaps into the inferno of a modern naval action—very shortly. His comment, with a bright and interested face, was—"What a rag!" In such a spirit do Mr. Phillpotts's boys live in the atmosphere of the great war. They are not above making use of it to score off in unpopular master, nor do they fail to apply, in the battle of the sand-pit, the lessons of military science as shown in the conflict between brains and muscle—and brains, one notes, can by subterfuge an glorious victory. "The Countryman of Kant," in which the hand that wields the pen is rather less artfully concealed than usual, is a story dealing with a German schoolboy in English surroundings. He strives, according to his German sights, and makes a conscientious examination of the neighbourhood, jotting down such details as "a hill where guns could be placed that would cover advance of troops on Merivale," and "a farm rich in sheep and cattle and chickens, also turkeys." This is very pleasant fooling; but on the whole we prefer Mr. Phillpotts's human boy, German or British, without the background of that very serious business, the death-rattle of great nations.

"Oranges and Lemons." There is originality in "Oranges and Lemons" (Cassell), and a certain throbbing vitality that makes us hopeful that in "D. F. C. Harding"—surely a new writer—we have an author who will bring gifts to the English public. "Oranges and Lemons" is a very good novel—better at the beginning than at the end, for the simple reason that youth and its tragedy are easier to handle than the conventional end of a woman whose temperament spells disaster. There could not, of course, be any other end for Dolores than to die, with life a bitter failure behind

so difficult to portray, and they have been done often enough before; but Dolores' sensitive soul and capacity for strong affection are treated with an equal brilliance. It is a sad story, as the fading of a rose is a sad story, and not less inevitable. But still . . . again we grudge her to the outer darkness—and the novel-readers of 1916 must not fail to read "Oranges and Lemons."

"Felicity Crofton." Our attention, we admit finally, wandered while we were reading "Felicity Crofton" (Heinemann), although we opened

it remembering how kindly Miss Marguerite Bryant (Mrs. Philip Munn) had treated us in the creation of "Christopher Hibbault." Perhaps the trouble is that the opening chapters of the new book are so flat that the hopes of the reader, once depressed, fail to revive when the big things happen later on. Certainly the events of Bessington's visit to the house near Bath are trivial; and it takes a fresher mind than we possess to be interested in Veronica's spill on the toboggan slope, or the "rag" of the pupils burning the pavilion in order, apparently, that Mrs. Crofton may risk her life in the courageous rescue of a rabbit. And this is a pity, for Mrs. Munn has a pleasant way with her. Her characters are human enough, but they have not the knack, in

this book, of making themselves particularly interesting. Which may, after all, be a further proof of how closely Mrs. Munn has reproduced humdrum human nature, and so a testimony to her ability as a novelist. We think, though, that Felicity and her companions were not intended quite to work out that way; and we seem to perceive that they fall short of the author's design, as well as of the reviewer's anticipations. The story, however, is above the average, and Bessington, in particular, is skilfully drawn.



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her, at the hour of crimson sunset; yet we grudge her artistic extinction. Inartistic or not, it would have been so much more satisfactory to have left her living happily for ever after. . . . And this is the measure of Miss Harding's talent, making anyone who reads her vivid book fiercely a partisan of Dolores, and resentful of the sorrows bound upon her. She was the daughter of a Bohemian of long descent and the grand-daughter of a famous French dancer; she had the dancer's genius, and the passionate temperament of her Southern blood. These things are not

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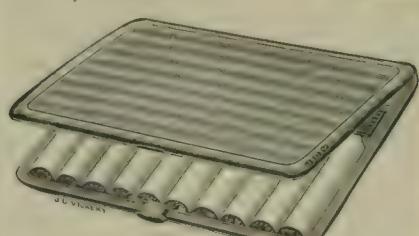
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LADIES' PAGE.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA-HOUSE has been occupied all last week with a sale and entertainments for the benefit of the Duchess of Somerset's scheme for our raising a fund for institutions for wounded and disabled sailors and soldiers, to be called "The Women's Tribute." Any effort on the part of the rich to assist those less fortunate in life is, of course, to be applauded, but there does not seem any reason to the ordinary mind why such an effort as this should be specifically made by or confined to women. There should be State provision, to which women will contribute as taxpayers, for those men who have given up for Britain, perhaps in one brief hour, the strength and physical energy that otherwise they could have happily employed all their lives in earning enough for their own needs. Such a provision we all feel to be their mere due—no charity gift, but the payment of a clear debt. Beyond that (which can be but a provision for the necessities of life, for it will have to be paid for by the industry of generations to come), there undoubtedly ought to be large voluntary aid and comfort afforded by those who have the means; but why confine such an organised effort to women? The wealth of the world, and the power of increasing the individual share of the store, is largely reserved to men. So when the war is over (or at once, perhaps) men ought to join with women in raising as large a fund as possible to give help where and when needed to those who have sacrificed to the country their birthright of wholeness and vigour, their splendid powers of self-help, the unspeakable joy of independence. Why not a national, not solely a women's, effort and tribute? A much smaller and direct effort, like the £50,000 asked for the "Star and Garter" home for disabled men, is a practical thing for women alone to undertake, as a symbol rather than as coping with the need.

Amidst so much about war, and its varied, insatiable claims, there is a refreshing, homely, comforting reminder that life is based on love, in the suggestion of Mr. Whitehead, a well-known manufacturer of aeroplanes, that we should now have a "Mothers' Day." He wants it to be established on Aug. 8, the substituted Bank Holiday of this year; and that on that day everybody should do a kindness or pay some special attention to mothers, not necessarily to your own mother, but seek for some mother to please or serve, preferring one who is suffering through the war. The originator asks for no money; he wants everybody to act as best they can on this idea. It is, however, no new idea. Did not Solomon say even in his day that there is nothing new under the sun, but all that can be done has been done aforetime? In the North of England there used to be a regular anniversary, near Easter, called "Mothering Sunday," on which day every son and daughter made a special effort to go home, generally taking some gift for "mother." The Easter cake called "Simnel" is reputed to have so originated. Simon and Nell were preparing a cake for "Mothering Sunday," and one of them wanted it baked, the other boiled; so, as they could not agree, they treated it first to the one and then



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the other operation, the result being the hard crust and soft filling that constitutes the cake now called after the two makers' names combined.

"Mothers' Day" is a pretty idea. After all, you know, every mother is a hero who has to be on duty for practically every day and hour of her life; often she suffers very patiently, and yet she gets no State pension. Only let those nearest and dearest to her give her the guerdon that is her due of love, attention, and respect, and she will be content. Alas! she does not always or adequately obtain that love or receive that due, even though her whole life may have deserved it, and not merely the fact that she certainly has "won her medal" by her constant service. It is interesting to know that in one of the very oldest books—possibly the oldest known—in the world, love and care for mother is most urgently inculcated. It is a manuscript, first written at least five thousand years ago, found several times copied in the oldest Egyptian tombs, and called "The Maxims of Ani." He reminds his sons of all that their mother has done for them, in giving them life, and bearing with and serving them in piling, mewling infancy, and then as schoolboys; and he thus concludes: "Oh, my sons, let not your mother have cause to complain of you, for if she should have to lift her hands to Heaven against you, God will assuredly hear that mother's voice!"

I have visited the National Economy Exhibition, with much disappointment. There were no ideas to be picked up by the ordinarily careful and well-educated housewife. Time seems of no consequence to the devisers of domestic economies: for instance, fancy inviting the housewife to make a cleaning-powder for enamel saucepans by grinding eggshells to a fine powder, when a pennyworth of one of several well-known cleaning soaps will suffice for weeks. There is, on the contrary, great need for labour-saving devices for the kitchen. Time and labour are not spared as they ought to be in this direction. I have bought and tried dozens of professed improvements on apparatus with this end in view, and nearly all of them were failures. A girl has said sarcastically to me on this head: "Well, the saying is 'Once bitten, twice shy,' but you with kitchen inventions are a hundred times bitten and not once shy!" It was too true! At this Exhibition there was not even a full display of the few real successes in that line. Some foreign ladies were lecturing on cookery, but for the most part telling us what we knew already. A young man journalist professed to have heard an Englishwoman arguing with one of these teachers about the cooking of spinach; he declared he had heard her say that in England we partly cooked it in plenty of water, and then threw it away and finished it in plenty more water. Rubbish! In English kitchens, as in French, it is cooked in its own juices. The difference then comes in. The French cook will drain it, chop or even sieve it, and re-heat it with a lot of butter. It is served as a dish alone, and French people will consume fried snippets or plain bread with it. This is a different system; we serve ours plain, to eat flavoured with meat and gravy. FILOMENA.



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I have not inserted a single idea into this book; it therefore precisely reflects the state of mind of a Belgian who has lived a year under the German domination.

I have forced myself to remain as far as possible objective, in order to give my work the scientific rigour which characterises the Reports of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry. I have simply transferred, to a domain which is new to me, the methods of my customary occupations." M. Massart, it should be mentioned, was Vice-Director of the Class of Sciences in the Royal Academy of Belgium. The

general reader, with a taste for stories of personal experience, may regret that the author did not allow himself a little latitude in this direction, and deal with his subject more "subjectively." Perhaps he will give us his individual adventures in another volume later on, when it will be safe to describe incidents—such, for example, as the manner of his escape across the frontier—

reader is left, at the end, with a somewhat confused impression of events. In a historical work, probably the best method is a chronological narrative, in clearly defined stages. With this little criticism, the book may be recommended as an authentic picture of Belgium under German rule, and a timely reminder of all the cruelties and oppressions which the Allies have undertaken to avenge. It also refutes uncontestedly those accusations which, adding insult to injury, the Germans brought against the Belgians in an attempt to justify their own crimes.



SOME OF THE THOUSANDS TAKEN BY THE BRITISH DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE: GERMAN PRISONERS ON ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Photograph by L.N.A.

which, if revealed now, might imperil people who assisted him. The scientific method he has adopted in arranging his material may make his book the more valuable as a work of reference for the historian, especially as it is provided with an index; but he has a tendency to over-classify his subjects under headings and sub-headings, which does not make for easy reading. The chapters are so long and so much sub-divided that the

for South Africa (1900). Of to-day, there is a picture of the hospital-ship *Asturias*, which a German submarine attempted to torpedo on Feb. 1, 1915; a sketch of the *Aragon*—the first modern mail steamer to be fitted with naval guns for defensive purposes; and a picture of the engagement in the North Sea on Feb. 29, 1916, between the R.M.S.P. *Alcantara* and the German raider *Greif*.

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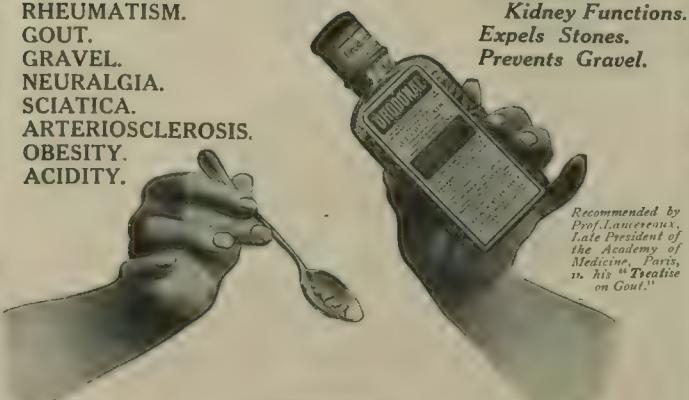
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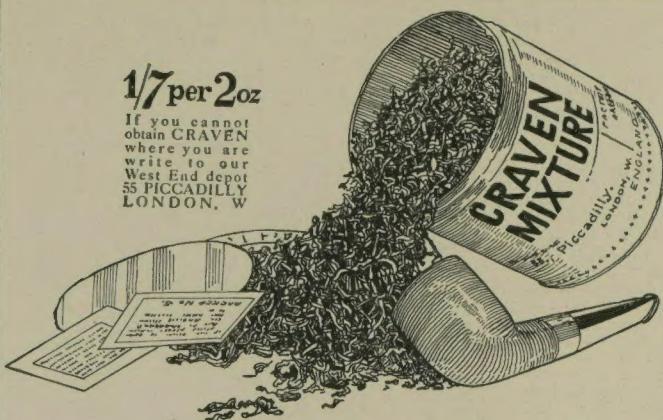
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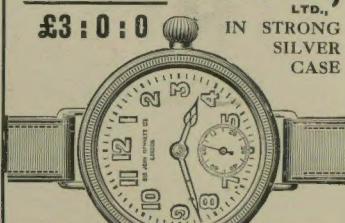
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Tyre Gauges. A timely warning has been issued by the Dunlop Company in reference to the many tyres ruined and spent before their proper average mileage of use, due to the under-inflation of the tubes. All tyre-makers issue a booklet giving the proper pressure of air for each size of tyre, for certain loads, to ensure the least damage being done by the road-wear, and also giving the longest life to the cover. The remedy is simple. It merely consists in testing each tyre's air-pressure by a gauge before using the car. As a tyre-gauge costs very little, it seems false economy to neglect this precaution. After all that makers may claim for the merits of any particular tyre, the true life of the wheel-covers is in the life of the cotton fabric on which the rubber is placed. It is by under-inflation that the fabric is destroyed, consequently the tyre cannot be re-treaded with its outer rubber surface again, which, under proper treatment, ought to be possible always once, and sometimes even twice.

Current Gossip. Little news is still available in regard to the petrol tickets, but Dame Rumour hath it that private cars are to be docked one-half of their ordinary supplies, and commercial wagons not wanted by Government contractors by one-third. How

much or how little reliance can be placed on current gossip can only be discussed after the regulations are out, which should be soon after these chronicles appear. Anyway, I hear that Major William Whittall, the former writer *ante bellum* of these notes, is due back from German East Africa by the end of July, so perhaps we shall learn how the armoured cars fared in that campaign. The last I heard was that the heavy rains had given them a fearful task across rough and swampy country. Still, difficulties of that nature are not unknown to motorists, especially Colonial ones, so I expect they got through all right at the finish. Captain (now Major) Stenson Cooke has received his well-earned promotion on the Headquarters Staff for the hard work he put in for the recruiting campaign. The A.A., of which he is the secretary in peace-times, is very pleased at the honour paid indirectly to them as well as at the acknowledgment of the merit of "Cookie."

Petrol Mixtures. I notice a lot of promiscuous advice in regard to fuel-saving appearing in the Press nowadays. I fancy the accessory-makers of so-called "petrol-saving" devices, booster "pills," and "extra air" inlets to the petrol will have the chance of spending some of their war profits in advertising these classes of goods with advantage. The difficulty is in selecting those which are good and rejecting the valueless, as some cars—or rather, engines—can stand one or other of these economisers, while other engines get no benefit whatever from the same device. Personally, I hope to use a paraffin-petrol mixture with discretion if I find any risk of running short of petrol, and to put up with any loss of power or extra carbonisation if I overdo the dilution, though motorists generally will have to live in their overalls more or less frequently until the experimenting stages are completed. In fact, I can picture our amateur mechanics really discovering their knowledge in the ways of carburetters, dirty cylinders, and caked pistons in the coming months. As for those who have recently emerged from the

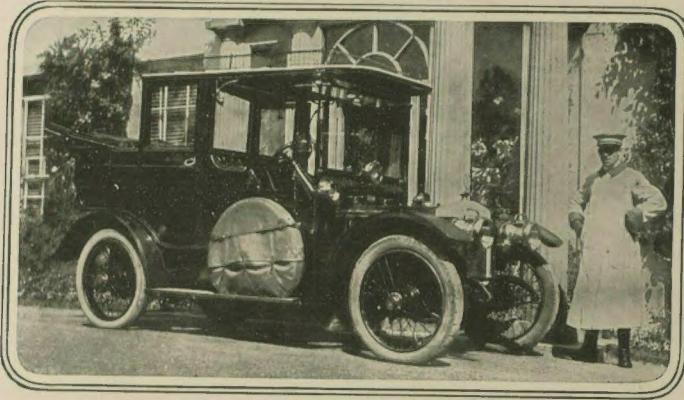
various schools of motoring, I shall scan the highways anxiously to discover how they get on when "hung up," and be like Harry Tate's boy in asking questions of why and wherefore. Fortunately, in mechanical troubles someone gets wiser in the end, though many a man has got a car to go when stopped, and then never discovered why he had succeeded or what the



"EAST AND WEST": A HAPPY FRATERNISATION ON A HARLEY-DAVIDSON COMBINATION SIDE-CAR.

This cheery picture, taken in Hyde Park, is a plain proof that "the twain," East and West, can meet, and under exceptionally interesting conditions, for it shows a group of four Japanese sailors and three of our own wounded men fraternising on a side-car, and it further proves that such a load is not too onerous for the big, powerful, and smoothly running Harley-Davidson Combination (manufactured by the well-known Harley-Davidson Motor Company, of Harleyson House, 74, Newman Street, W.) to carry with ease and comfort.

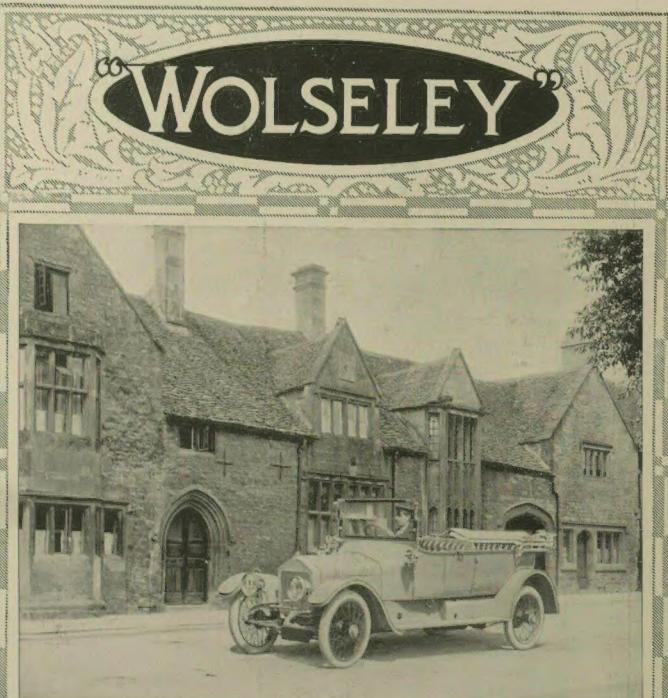
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"AS STRONG AS EVER": A DAIMLER CAR AFTER 23,000 MILES' RUN.

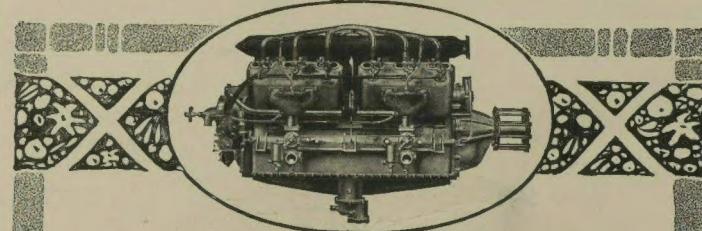
This car, the property of Mr. E. J. Artindale, Aston Hall, Aston-on-Clun, Shropshire, is a 45-h.p. Daimler, and the owner writes: "The engine has run 23,000 miles, and is going as good and strong as ever, and shows no sign of requiring an overhaul. . . . The cylinder-heads have not even been off." Mr. Artindale's experience is that of all users of the Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine. The principle of the Daimler engine is such that its efficiency improves with age. There is no valve-grinding, no carbon-cleaning, and no loss of power in the silent, continuing service it gives, all of which features tend to reduce maintenance costs to insignificance.

trouble was. I remember a certain 30-h.p. Metallurgique car which was a thing of beauty and a joy to me when it liked to behave itself, but often it refused to start up. My friends, neighbours, passing strangers, and myself have nearly tired ourselves to death trying to get it to go. Then all of a sudden a half-turn would send it off purring like a contented cat, and no one, expert or amateur, really diagnosed its contrariness. Often I wished I had eaten less lunch when one of these fits befell "Lizzie," as she was called; but eventually I wasted little energy on her, and, if she refused to start after a couple of turns of the crank, I doped her with a petrol injection



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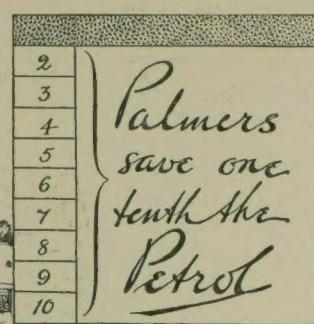
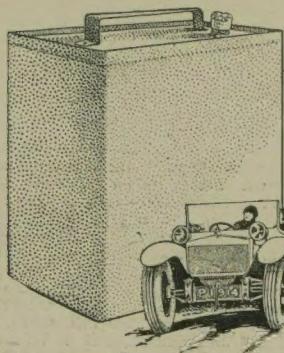
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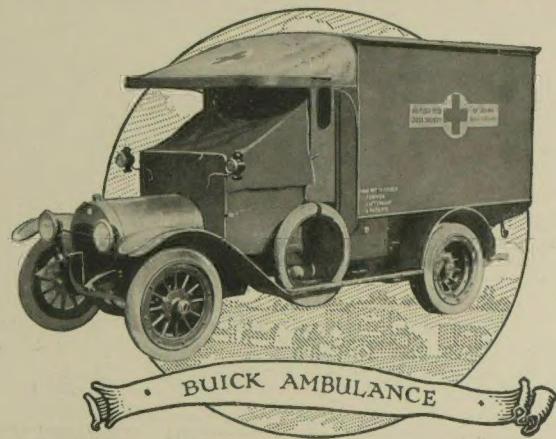
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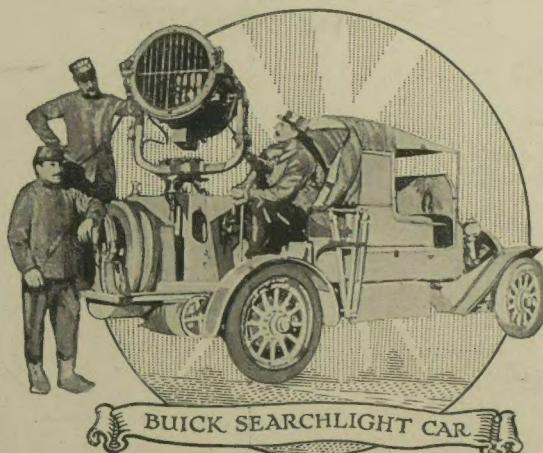
Other Buick Activities

OUTSIDE the active war zone Buick cars are also maintaining their premier position. In the annual competition for the Graff Cup, held in South Africa under the auspices of the R.A.C., Buicks led all competitors in points of merit for speed, hill climbing, reliability and petrol consumption.

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Continued.
through one of the compression-taps, and after that she behaved herself for the rest of the day. But I often wonder why (like Little Willie)

Synthetic Rubber. I shall be grateful if anyone can write informing me how to distinguish for a certainty between rubber and synthetic rubber. I will pass on the information to my wide circle of readers, as I am told there is a chance of the latter being pushed on to the unwary in place of the genuine article in the near future, via Germany, if not in the present. What I want is an infallible test—perhaps some of my rubber-owning readers can tell me, for which many thanks. —W. W.

The charitable efforts of the Great Britain to Poland and Galicia Relief Fund, to which is affiliated the British Moscow Relief Committee, are recounted in the fourth Report of the Deputation to the Home Committee, terminating the first year of activity, which shows much good work done in various directions for men, women, and children who have suffered by the devastating effects of the war. It is published by the Fund at 36, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C., and will give full information to those who are interested in its benevolent objects.

A cheery crowd of New Zealanders and Tommies were entertained by the Association of Advertising Women at "Moleside," East Molesay, last Saturday, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Samson Clark. The soldiers came from the New Zealand Military Hospital, Walton-on-Thames; the Benfleet Hill Hospital, Sutton, Surrey; and the National Hospital for Paralysed, Bloomsbury. After a few songs and band selections, the guests were invited to a tempting feast. Music, choruses, and sports followed, during which several members of the Association cheerfully submitted to a hair-dressing competition. In this, the New Zealanders bore the palm. Eventually, after a much-enjoyed afternoon, each contingent drove off in the cars generously placed at the disposal of the Association.

A MACCABAean ICONOCLAST.

MR. Joseph McCabe, in his latest published work, "The Tyranny of Shams" (Eveleigh Nash), has written a bold, vigorous book, and one that bristles with controversial points. He faces his subject, if one may put it like that, in quite the traditional Maccabaean spirit, in his own vigorous way. Possibly a large proportion of his readers will fail to agree with not a few of his conclusions, but for its straightforward expression of convictions the book cannot fail to obtain attention as a challenge. "The Philosophy of Revolt"—so the author entitles his opening chapter—will sufficiently indicate by its title the spirit in which the entire subject is approached. Particularly worth consideration in detail are three of the chapters—those on "The Follies of Sham Patriotism," "Political Shams," and "The Distribution of Wealth." Much also that Mr. McCabe says in his chapter on "The Military Sham" is well deserving of being seriously noted over. One curious little fact that is specially mentioned in this part of the

book strikes one as new and requiring authoritative explanation. Speaking of the year before war, Mr. McCabe remarks, "By 1913 . . . in point of fact, our authorities knew that war was gravely imminent. I am open to know, from a little breach of confidence, that our War Office secretly warned certain reservists in June 1914 (even before the Serajevo murder) to be ready." As to that, on the other hand, it may be questioned whether really the writer's informant was not referring to preparations in regard to Ireland and Ulster just at that time, not to Germany at all. The story, in any event, is a curious detail, and one that the author might have been more explicit over with advantage—at least most of his readers will like to know a little more. Mr. McCabe, to sum up, on every page of the book, so to speak, trails his coat in veritable Donnybrook Fair fashion. "Many will advise me," he says in one place, "that a man will do well to conceal the more offensive of his heresies. That is the usual and prudent practice, no doubt; but this book has been written in a mood of fiery impatience with untruth, and this has forbidden compromise."

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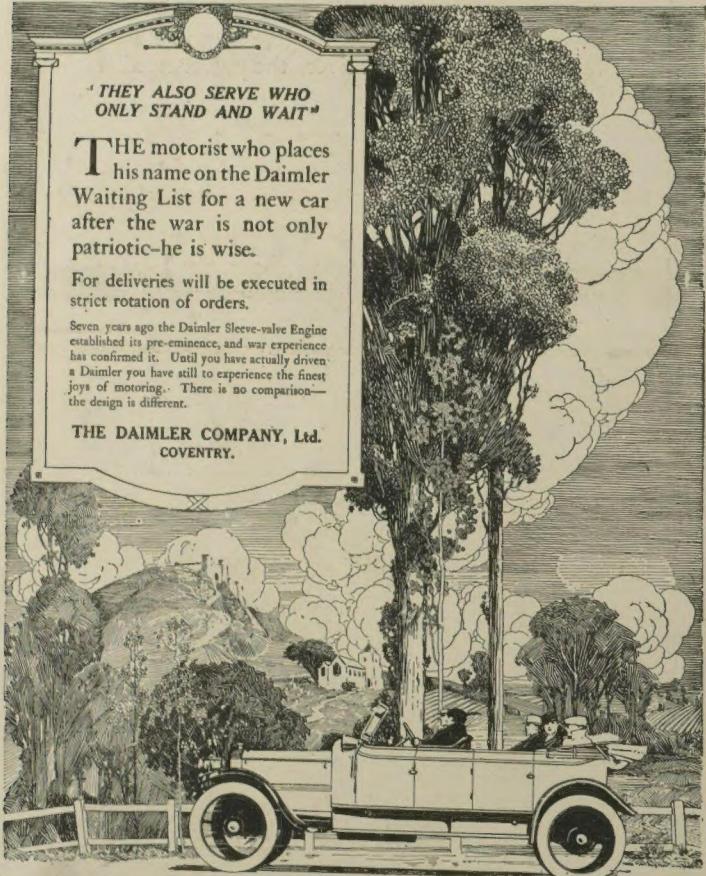
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